

THE
FATALL NVPTIALLE
OR,
MOURNEFULL
MARRIAGE.

Relating,
The heavy and lamentable
Accident lately occurring, by
the drowning of 47. persons, and
some of those of especiall quality,
in the water of *Windermere*,
in the NORTH.

October 19:

1635.

Nona piscibus urna parata est.

LONDON,
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yard. 1636.

THE
HISTORICAL

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A PREAMBLE, OR INTRODUCTION to this Funerall

POEME.



FOR the quality of grief, none
knows it, but he who hath ex-
perimentally and personally felt it.
That Place, which both in Church
and in Secular, were feared from the least
possibility of personal acquaintance
with the Black of Sorrow: where those
who were in a Sacred and

Christian manner, their voices to Hymns, the Sovereign
of Music, are now with Tethys to close in wat'ry Em-
braces. The relations of these sad Obits proceeded from a
mourning and a dark day, which began to the Atten-
dants a morning of light, yet from that Night (such was
the effect of total eclipse, and our undoubted assent) a
day of light. The place, where these drowned Smiles were

A Preamble or,

to take Boate, was that famous and renowned Mere of Windermere; a Mere no lesse eminent and generally knowne for her Sole-breeding, and peculiar kind of fishes (commonly called Chares) as for those windy and labyrinthical mazes, with those curiously shaded, beautifullly tastied, naturally fortifide, and impregnable stated Islands in every part of the Mere interpersed. To relate the severall windings of it, or more historically to describe it, were fruitles, being already explained by a penman and learned Relater. To divert then from that point, on the sad occasion of this Allion, thus I proceed.

Windermere, or Winandermere, being a great bay lying in a continuall Trall or Channel, without any visible or apparent Current, and dividing the Counties of Westmerland and Lancashire, hath ever constantly kept a Boat for Passengers; especially those Subjoints who remaine or reside in the Barrony of Kendal, in place to be honour, antiently famous for Commerce and industrious Manufecture) as all others, who may have occasion to address their course by that passage, to the Market of Heskethide, or o^r by places adjoining. This Boat, upon a triptiall but in all occasion, sundry Passengers, and those all Subjoints within the Barrony of Kendal, (as I formerly observed, highly commendable, by having such neare relation and generall correspondence with most places of trade or trafficke in this Kingdome prepared, keeping with a safe and secure gale to arrive, where so you will

Cambd. in
Brit.

The Charter
of which
Market was
procured by
that industri-
ous Agent
for his Coun-
trei,
Mr. Allion
Nichols.

Introduction.

had ever yet approach'd. The Boat they enter'd, secretly
confident, with 47. in number, besides other carriages and
boats, which together with the roughness of the water, &
extremity of weather) occasioned this inevitable danger.

Lanc'd had the sea scarcely to the middle of the water,
being pretty a mile broad, but the Boat, either through
the pressure and weight which surcharg'd her, or some
violent and impetuous windes and waves that surpris'd
her, with all her people, became drench'd in the depth.
No succour, nor time afforded, for Gods despaire will be
so decreed: So as, not one person of all the number was
saved: Amongst which, the Brides Mother, and her
Brother in this bondagement, equally perished.

Unde sunt
offibus armz.

To aggravate the quality of this Accident, I need not;
an imaginary representation of sorrow is sufficient to it
self. Truly, its no more before your eyes this Theatre;
on which you are not to expect ought from this Tiringhouse
of merriment, but scenes of passion and disconsolate anguish.

Many of these left widows without Husbands, others
Husbands without Wives, most of these, Children without
Fathers or Mothers. Began they bad, but indispos'd;
because in such a moment of time prevented, as wherein
they should most flourish, soonest abridged.

What a fatal Nuptiall was this? when those Nup-
tiall ribbons and sprigges of Rosemary, which were gi-
ven as tokens for a Nuptiall, became Rosemary sprigges
to a lower than Funerall?

A Preamble or,

What an Embleme of Mortality may men see in his-
 selfe, in this image of himselfe? A Man of stature is not to his
 fesse in three inches, nor man of the age, which is but a
 sparke. How secure were these in their former state, mirth
 and with what a calm Convey they expected to arrive at
 their Port? If we should compare these pleasures, where-
 with we are daily and hourly encountered, these perillous
 passages, whereto we are exposed: with the difficulty of
 the Haven, at which we are to be landed, we would con-
 stantly tremble, and stand in feare, that every wave, every
 worldly care, should endanger our shipwracke.

What loving associates were these in Heaven? what
 Conjugall comforts to a festive Supper? yet see the
 close of their marriage melody, drawing in sighes a moun-
 tain Lachryme! What then on Earth is here comfort? or
 where in ought may we be content? A merry Evening
 makes an heavy Morning: and a good going out, a sad
 returning. Sad to their friends, but more sad to their
 dearest soules; which have called from the Depths, and
 are assuredly heard.

It is a good Prayer, to deliver us from sudden Death;
 yet there is no sudden Death to them that doe much. Gods
 mercy is betwixt the bridge and the brink. How are men
 to despaire of their helpe, who in Gods mercie find
 hope. Abyssus abyllum invocant. They in the depth of
 their misery, call'd upon the depth of Gods mercy: and
 though they could not reach to land, yet the hand of their
 mercy;

So as this
 might bee
 their proper
 imprecac:

“Morgimus
 immersi, ra-
 pida sub gu-
 gis nos:
 & Per mare,
 per terras,
 Semina nulla
 semis.



Introduction.

body; they reach a wish their hand of faith to the Haven of Glory. As we men value the place of his Birth, so we bee much to desire the place of his Death. Wee have a sacred President, in which neither place of Birth nor Death be-
comes an Ornament.

Wee are bound to passe the waters of tribulation; our Barke is weak, our passage dangerous: Shelves we have full of perils, presumption to transport us, despair in default of. If wee overcharge our vessell, what may wee expect but drowning? If wee ballast is not enough, what may wee hope for but sinking? Wee have an Anchor, it is our Saviour: we cannot saile, if through him wee suffer. Hee, who can command the windes and the Seas, will waite on our short transitory Seas, and conduct us to the Port of rest.

At a time, that while wee are heere imbarcked, there is no security. Merchants venturers wee are all, hazarding our state, lives and fortunes in craggy and breaking vessels. wee hinder much vexat, storms and tempests: even our own differing passions, which like so many billowes, mutine in us, and threaten shipwracke. Neptunum procul decet, wee cry, and cry, sigh for our Haven.

Psalm 124. *Singing Song*, what a doe wee make with our distressed Nations, which to use the words of that Divine Father, sing as if so many Bees about us; and while they sing on, wee hold them deare unto

Hec.

Basil.

A Preamble or,

Inviored wee are with danger on the Main; and pe-
villain Sands and Shets opposite in our landing. Though
the Course of our Navigation be passing short, the continu-
ed Currents of our dangerous passage appears long.

We account him foolishly merry, and insensible of perill,
who, when the winds rage, the waves rise, & nothing but
fear and borrow become Obiects to the weak and Ship-
carouse; and drinks healths to the winds, as Our
cure of his approaching fate. And what life doe we,
when in these weak Barks of our Bodies, we cast off
our selves to all sensual pleasures, as if we were a shore
and secure from danger, when we are surrounded with
perill, and farre divided from our Harbour?

Anach. The Philosophers quæsit impud. a Divino Mare 2:
Quanta spissitudo navium? 4. digressum. And thus
Sacred Light of the Orientall Church might seeme to
Aug. answer this, no lesse positively than saying: Tota ca-
biterræ te expectant.

Arif. That surviving glory of Sargyus reports, that about
the River Hypanis, which runneth through a part of
Europe into the Sea Pontus, are bred certaine Trallers
which live but one day; and surely, if we should compare
this strait confined limit or period of our age with im-
mortality, (the Soules sole harbour after her disbarring
from this Sea of misery) we shall be found in regard of our
frailty every way as transitory as these day-living Trallers.
Doubt is such a discouraging Sergeant, and so should

Introduction.


In the discharge of this Errand, as there is no place of privilege to exclude him, or rescue the party arrested by him. Here he's a Slave for the Sea, as well as Land. which may be influenced in no pattern more clearly, no Obstacle more cruel, than in this Tragick Scene of Servitude, which will be new in action: where, of 47. as was before formerly related, not one secured, not one from Death released: And this happened the 19. of October.

But as waves follow waves, so it oftener falleth in the progress of words: for not less remarkable is it, that upon the 6. of November, a Graves end Barge was by report cast away, according to the former very nearly, if not wholly, in number: but the opportunity of their danger being this report (as we have since heard) without any other alluded disaster.

Thought of this should necessarily conduce to our sets as in Water and Land to recommend us in our passage and conduct to his Sacred direction and protection, by whom we breathe and have our being. In aquis & terris de Deo medicari, & custodi ejus custodire nos ipsos commendare, est magis in aquis nec à terra, motu vel metu discrimine incipientia, periclitari. And wish-
ing, to retain a charitable opinion of such, as by these perils and adventures end; and translated from us. Paulinus in humanis animæ salus fuit: Let us apply this, though in another sense addressed, to these hopes full

Malum est
mori in nau-
fragio, & bo-
num est mori
sebre
Aug. in Gal.
c. 41.

Soules



A Preamble or, &c.

Soules now departed. Hee, who is the LORD of the
Depths, can extend his goodness and mercy to the Depths;
and put an hook in the nose of that Leviathan,
who reigneth, ruleth and rageth in the Depths.

This Preamble hath enlarged it selfe to so extensive
a measure, as it may seeme to some, to resemble a Median
Structure: but as arguments give light to Sub-
jects; so Preambles, by way of Introduction,
have ever given life to
refined Poems.





THE
FATALL NVPTIAL;
OR,
MOVNEVLL MARRIAGE.

Poeme.

When thou put out thy light, thy selfe confound
With griefe, to see thy teare-swolne efforts
(drownd,
Thy late Attendants: See of forty seven

None rescu'd from death, but wholly driven.

From hope, helpe, harbour! recollect it thus,

And joyne in heavie Elegies with us.

Haf.



The fatall Nuptiall, or

Husbands of Wives, Wives of their Husbands left,

Parents of Babes, Babes of their Parents left.

Heere Widdow's tears, and there poor Orphans cryes,

These fill the Cesterns of distilling eyes

With confluence of teares. What a sad Night

Hath damp't the beauty of a Nuptiall light

With universall sorrow? ——— Pray thee stay,

And sayle along with me in this same way,

This wat'ry Region, where the cruel waves

Afford us teares, and to their bodies graves;

——— See, see the leeking Vessel how it strives

And combats with the waves, to save their lives.


It fights and seekes for Land, but perisht with weather,

And her surcharged burden both together,

Mournefull Marriage.

While surging billowes mount above the brinke,
Shee's forc'd to yeeld, and with her fraught to sinke.

To shake! O silence that perplexing word,
It will a Deluge of new griefe afford
To the relucing Reader, who with teares
Will stile each comma and period that he heares:
And woe th' imag'd waves, and chide them too,
When he in milder statmes shall cease to woo;
And in such home bred Dialect as this,
Tut them and tell them, that they did amisse.

O should you now see how Child clings on Mather, 
Husband on Wife, Wife Husband, one on other,
Grasping the yowling Screamers, who in remorse
With warty vish about their inchannel'd coarfe;
Should

The fatall Nuptiall or,

Should you conceit these Objects, you with me
Would cloze in one-united *Lachryma*.

O *WINDERMERE*, who art renown'd afarre
For thy sole breeding there unvalued *Charme*,
And with thy spacious channell doest divide
Two antient Counties seated on each side,
☞ May thy fresh waters salt and brackish turne,
And in their chang'd condition henceforth moune;
May those distilling conduits of chaine,
Loosing their native sweetnesse flow with paine;
Tuning each accent of this accident
To Swanlike Odes of dying dreadment,
What did incense thee thus? what *Carousall*?
Tetris and *Hymen* were they at debate?

Mournefull Marriage.

Did any treacherous one this shipwracke cause,
Some high Delinquent to Heav'n's sacred Lawes,
Whose deepe dyde sinne did to the State infect
As it became a Scurge unto the rest
That were his haplesse Consorts? or some wretch,
Some hidden Magge, or late-revived Witch
Spring from those desert Concaves, forlorne Cells,
Raising these Stormes with their infernall Spells?
No; No; nor this, nor that, nor any these
Gave life to these expiring miseries,
It was that sin decree, to which 'tis fit
That we who live his Creature, should submit.
The sacred Scriptures they will plainly tell
How that, within the Tower of Shiloell,

Were

The fatall Nuptiall or,

Were not the greatest sinners; Nor ought we
To judge, but by the rule of Christs
To measure all our Censures: for who art,
That liv'st so free from act, so pure in hart,
Who canst in judgement with th' Almighty stand,
Or prove good weight when ballanc'd by his hand
If he doe spare then, 'tis his mercy to us,
And if hee scourge, hee doth but justice do us
But let me now divert my dolorfull Sorrow,
And pencyle these who now have drowned bene,
In their owne native fearnes: "Their wives such
Who, to relieve their Menity, labour'd much
In their industrious Wool-works, justly fam'd
And for their Manuall labour Sorrow was nam'd

A Souerainfull Marriage.

A fruitful mystery! which though it make
Consecrations, and such as nere did *Alas* take,
Yet 'tis commodious to the Common-wealth,
And fit for Sale, although unfit for Scale.
For if th' poore work-man scarcely can supply
With late and earely toile his Family
Now when his Trading is exempt and freed,
In paying *Alas* how should hee succede?
But Heav'ns be blest for our dread Soveraigne,
Who cheeres with freedome such an honest gaine;

Most then of these wretched Passengers were such
Whom never yet ambition did tutch,
Grinding oppression, griping avarice,
Confidence their praise, and competence their prize;
B Much

The fatall Nuptiall or,

Much comfort (sure) crowns such wheres ere they dye,

Though drencht below, their thoughts are fixt on hye,

But amongst these, both *love* and *blood* doe urge

An higher straine of passion for my * *GEORGE*

* Mr. *George*
Wilson, At-
torney in the
Common
Law: one of
pregnant
conceit, and
sincere in the
course of
his practise.

Of pregnant ripe conceit, firme to his friends,

And ne're soakt Clients purse with endlesse ends,

Young, yet well-read in houres; fixing his love

On *Laws*, *Divine* and on the *Land* above.

Such dispositions make a good *Attorney*,

And wing his passage for an heav'nly journey

Where hee *this fee* may for his labourerne,

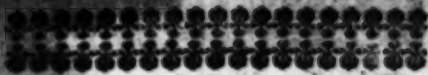
Peacefull Eternity without a *Term*.



A just weeke after, and same houre oth' day,

His Corpes were found, that hee was throwne away,





Mournefull Marriage.

Untouch't and undishgur'd; to imply
Mans face i'th *Depths* reteines a Majesty.

Next Him, those nursing fosters of my Three,
Three little ones, whom they so carefullie
Tenderd, exact of me their funerall teares,
With such a Monument as *Virtue* reares
On her true-meaning followers: for to show
How their industrious Master and these two
Express their love and zeale to me and mine,
Would make a lasting-living-loving-line:
And Gratitude keeps somewhat to requite;
To Him my love, to Them my last good-night.

Yet recollect those latest words She said,
When shee that fatall vessell entered,

B 2

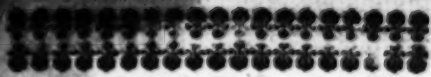
While



The fatall Nuptiall or,

While thrice she lanch'd forward to the Maine,
Thrice she step'd in, and thrice retr'y'd againe,
As one divining what would after fall,
With trickling teares thus on the Oares did call;
Oh stay thy Boat, secure me and my Mate!
" One may foresee, but not prevent their fate,
Next these, His losse, who at my Table fed,
And as one of mine owne, was sometimes bred,
I mone, One may their duty farre forgi,
Yet God forbid, wee should not this remit,
As wee hope for remission: Hee is dead,
And with him my distasts are buried.
To waite him o're (no doubt) it did Heav'ns please,
From th' waters of *Contention* unto *Peace*.

For



Mournesfull Marriage.

For th' rest, I knew them onely by report,

Of honest fame, though of obscurer sort.

And these with those I confidently trust

Are now enrowl'd ith' number of the just.

Now to our selves let something be applide,

And then these papers shall be laid aside.

"I'll so, that wee in hourely danger stand

Whether wee saile by Sea, or goe by Land?

"That wee to th' World but one entrance have,

But thousand meanes of passage to our grave?

"That all our wayes are hedg'd about with feare,

While wee are Pilgrims in this Desert heere?

"That none shall be exempted, but must goe

Unto the place where they'r confined to?

B 3

"And



The fatall Nuptiall or,

“ And that the *wife* shall no more fruit receave
Of all his Labours, then the *foole* shall have ?

“ And that their end's alike, for both shall die
To prove them Cōheirs of Mortality?

“ For th' politick *Hun* must yeeld to swelling *Humber*,
As well as th' least of his inferiour numbers ;

“ And *Archie* that rich foole, when hee least dreames,
For purchast lands, must be possist of streames :

“ What can wee practice, project or devise,
When ther's no priviledge for Foole nor Wife ?

Lets like wise Marchants then, make it our care
To looke unto our *Faith*, our *Fraught*, our *Fare* ;
Like Prudent Pilots, on our guard let's stand,
That with safe Prize wee may returne to Land.



Mournefull Marriage.

For ev'ne thinks, before they yeeld to Fate,

Their case they seeme thus to expostulate.

Spare me, insulting waves, the Father cries,

Take pity of my poore parentall eyes,

In me, yee shall drowne many; for my life

Supports a Family, Children, and Wife.

These perish if I fall; then pittie take

If not for me, yet for mine Infants sake.

I have industrious beene, and given reliefe

Out of my little store, to ease the griefe

Of hungry Soules; Nor doe I boast of this,

For Heav'n as you know, I've done too much amisse:

Nor in those works of mercy that were wrought,

How I perform'd my duty as I ought.

B 4

Give 7

The fatall Nuptiall or,

Give us some longer respite, that I may

Redeeme the time wherein I went astray.

Thou who command'st the winds and waves, and wren

Upon the waters, calme this Element;

Steere our weake Barke, for it is in thine hand,

To still this Storme, and bring us safe a land:

But let not our will but thy Will be done;

And as hee ends, another streight begun.

I am a *Mother*, O deliver mee

From these inclosing dangers which I see;

A tender Infant hangs upon my brest,

And onely in my bosome takes sweet rest;

How will it cry, if it his mother lacke!

Then for the Babes sake shield me from this woe.

Mournefull Marriage.

If this doing horror now surprize mine heart,

Oh what an anguish will it be to part

A Mother from the fruit of her owne wombe,

And in the wat'ry depths, to have a Tombe?

Excuse my feare, deare Lord, it is not common

For virile spirits to be in a Woman,

Where my Ladies, my thoughts are fixed there,

Yet flesh and blood their dissolution feare.

To thee then I direct my sole request,

In whom I put my trust, in whom I rest:

Incline thine eare to a poore Womans crye,

And be thou mine, whether I live or dye.

The feare-surprized Child, who fights for shore,

And never knew well what danger ment before;

Sends

The fatall Nuptiall or,

Sends forth a shreeke or two, yet knowes not why,

For 'las hee knowes not what it is to dye,

O save me, Mother! when shall wee get home? A

I have desire that wee to land may come,

I'l goe no more by Water, by your leave,

Nor shall a Cock-boat ere your Boy receive,

What meane these swelling bubbles that arise

And with their sprinklings wash mine head and eyes?

I cannot tell, but they affright me sore,

Get I to land, I'l trouble these no more,

At Ducke and Drake I'd rather safely play,

On our owne Poole upon the Holy-day.

——Ay me! that last wave, Mother, wash't my coat,

An other such would throw me out o'th Boat,

Faine

Mournefull Marriage.

Faine would I sleepe, but yet I cannot heere;

Take any rest, I'm taken so with feare.

—— Oh save me, Mother ! thus her Lambkin cride;

And she with teare-swolne eyes againe replide.

Fear nothing, Child: Heaven shield us from mishap;

Sleepe pretty Ape, I'll shroud thee with my lap.

Twixt *fear* and *love* such mutuall conflicts bee,

The waves rocke her, she him upon her knee.

Weigh these surprized soules who rightly can,

And shares not in these miseries of man.

Wish joynt compassion ? who can eye this Shelle

Of danger, and reflect not on himselfe ?

Of the whole substance of our Marchandize,

*Esq. 401.
X. 12.*

The only Pearle's of unvalued prize :

Which

The fatall Nuptiall or,

Which got, wee gaine; which lost, it is in value
To have posselt the *Indies* for our gaine.

Let's then contemplate Him, where wee may rest,
For all things else are *lost*, how, ere posselt.

If wee have wealth, perchance, wee have not health;

If wee have health, perhaps, wee have not wealth;

If health and wealth, yet friendship may be scant;

If health, wealth, friendship, wee may honour want;

If health, wealth, honour wee enjoyers be,

Yet what are these, if wee want libertie?

But God is all in one, for it is hee

Who with a girdle bounds the surging Sea;

Nought may oppose his Empire, whose command

Reacheth from Sea to Sea, from Land to Land.

Some

Mournefull Marriage.

Some Marchants, for Silkes, Sables, golden Oare,

Dive in the depths, before they vnder a floure,

But wee runne no such hazard: for wee seaze

On Him, who in Him stazeth wholly these.

Draw in thy Sailes, my Mast; and muse on Him,

Who free from Staine, alloues our soules from En.

Who, when the Waters compass us halfe dead,

Jonah. 2. 5.

The Depths enclose us, weeds enwrappe our head;

When wee to th' bottom of the mountaines go,

And th' Earth with barres immures our bodies too;


Yet from the Pir will His our Spirits raise,

To whom bee still the sacrifice of Praise.

P I N I S.




SONNET.

 **W**HAT is this *WORLD*, but a *Sea*,
Or *Flood-gate* of Calamitie?

What *LIFE*, but a continued *Woe*?

That waits Man's *te* unto his *Grave*?

What bee these *Billowes* (swolne with winde,

But *Passions* of a troubled minde?

What bee these *Windes* that beate our *Barke*,

Sinnes that confin'd *NOAH* to his *Arke*?

What be these *Sands* on which wee runne,

These *Shelves* wee seeke, but seldom come to?



Sonnet.

What *strange* Paths, where *hills* finde

As well as *Quintile* their *minde*?

What be these *struts* by which wee passe,

That *show* of what *Man* is and *was*?

What be these *Barges* wherein wee goe,

But *Radies* be *bound* with *woe*?

What is this *Port* where wee arrive,

But *Death*, which wee would *saue* reprove?

Since *Life*'s, *Sea*, *wave*, *wind*, *Willow*, *Sand*, *Shelve*,
(*Strait*,

Let *Earth* be our *Remaine*, *Heav'n* our *Requite*.

FINIS.

